

## ACTRESS FIGHTS DIVORCE SUIT

June Van Buskirk, Now in London, Opposes Through Counsel Action of Francis Sedgwick Wilson.

BROKER BRITTON BADLY SMITTEN. SAYS WITNESS.

Followed Actress, He Declares, All Through Her Tour and Apparently Seemed Most Devoted—Tells of Kisses, Too.

The counsel for Miss June Van Buskirk, who created the part of "Ella" in "The Earl of Pawtucket," fought hard before Justice McCall today to defeat his fair client's husband, Francis Sedgwick, of the Henry Miller Company, in his suit for absolute divorce.

As Miss Van Buskirk is playing in London, she fought by proxy, Maurice Meyer being the champion.

In private life the actor husband is Francis Sedgwick Wilson, and his wife is June G. Wilson. They were married at Fort R. M. S. L. Jan. 5, 1899, and their little boy is named after his grandfather, George Russell Wilson, with whom he is now at Kansas City.

Broker Britton Badly Smitten. June Van Buskirk is charged with being too familiar last July at a London hotel with the manager of the company she played with at one time, and with accepting the attentions of Ernest Britton, a stock broker and active member of the New York Athletic Club. Britton did not appear at the trial. John R. Mills, who was in the "Hoch der Consul" Company last year, testified that Britton was badly smitten with June Van Buskirk, followed the company on its tour to Rochester, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and then back up through New England, occupying a conspicuous seat at every performance, waiting for the actress at the stage door, stopping usually at the hotel, and in short, devoting himself to the woman.

"In November, 1902, Miss Van Buskirk lived at the Girard in this city," said Mills. "I was Mr. Britton's secretary at that time, and often found him with her in her apartments. They were very affectionate, kissing each other in greeting. She told me she loved Mr. Britton and as soon as she obtained a divorce they were going to be married."

Called June His "Sunshine." Britton said once, while they were playing cards, that June Van Buskirk is the only ray of sunshine that ever entered my life. "Once at the Girard I witnessed an awful scene. A Mrs. Miller had called on Miss Van Buskirk. I was there. Van Buskirk said to me: 'I love Mr. Britton, and we are going to be married as soon as I get my divorce.' To this Mrs. Miller replied: 'Why don't you know that Mr. Britton has a wife already? Sure he has; he's already married; and what's more, as soon as he has got rid of his wife he is going to marry me.'"

"At that time Van Buskirk turned upon Mr. Britton and screamed: 'Get out of my sight!'" "But they made up afterward and things went on as before."

Saw Nothing Wrong in His Conduct. Misses Eugenia Hayden and Grace Edna Farrell, of the "Hoch der Consul" company, testified of Miss Van Buskirk's demonstrations of partiality for Britton, but had seen nothing wrong in the conduct of the manager toward her. Evelyn J. Wood, however, a young Cookney, with the Bow Bill twang in his speech, testified that while he was porter at the "Fleming's Hotel," London, last July, "Mr. Van Wilson" was a guest and the ex-manager was a frequent caller.

Against this evidence was produced that the ex-manager was not in London in July, and he testified positively in denial of every charge.

Mrs. Wilson visited her mother-in-law in Chicago last May and kidnapped her baby boy, and the husband chased her all over the country and to Europe, finally bringing her and the baby boy back last August. Immediately after which he sued her for absolute divorce. Justice McCall reserved decision.

### AMEN CORNER PRESIDENT.

Arthur Greaves Elected Head of the Political Society.

The Amen Corner now has a new president. Since the formation of the corner into a society, second to none in its political significance, Edward G. Riggs has been its President. At the annual election last evening "Brother" Riggs remained firm in his attitude to insist upon a change of Presidents and "Brother" Arthur Greaves was elected President. The other officers selected are: Vice-President, Robert G. Dill, Jr.; Secretary, John W. McDonald; Treasurer, Luther Little; Directors, Edward G. Riggs, Charles Stecker, Gen. Charles E. Furlong, Walter L. Hawley, Louis A. Siebold, Harold McD. Anderson, with Messrs. Greaves, Little, Robert Dill and McDonald as members of the board.

## CHARLES HAWTREY AS H. JOCELYN, AND OTHER CHARACTERS IN "SAUCY SALLY" AT THE NEW LYCEUM



## SAUCY SALLY FUNNY AND A VINDICATOR

Proves that the Author, the Editor of Punch, Is Really a Humorist in Spite of Traditions.

To begin with, the idea that a farce should be written by the editor of Punch was funny. Then, to find the farce itself funny, though by no means original, was to recognize one's self to the thought that after all Punch must be a comic paper, or at least to say that it would be if Charles Hawtreycy and Fanny Brough sat on no more than the edge of its editorial chair. (Which suggests that if Mr. Hawtreycy keeps up his cultivation of avoidables he will soon require a whole chair—and a "roomy" one—to himself.)

In writing "Saucy Sally," F. C. Burnand has really vindicated Punch. And last night's audience at the Lyceum vindicated Mr. Burnand by laughing heartily, not at, but with him. There were two or three puns which betrayed the British idea of humor—as, for instance, when the water at a Southampton hotel was asked if there were any "tidings," and smugly replied, "Yes, we have low-tide, half-tide and high tide," still, these were readily forgiven, if not forgotten, in the face of a great deal of good fun.

Mr. Burnand got on the safe side by frankly stating the case as a farce. Like most farces, "Saucy Sally" does go off its feet occasionally and bump its head against the hard corner of absolute absurdity.

It never loses, however, the rare flavor of ingenious perversion given it by Herbert Jocelyn's fanciful tales of hair-raising exploits on land and sea, first indulged in to win for his fee a young woman with an admiration of romantic adventure, and then kept up to retain the good opinion of a mother-

in-law who has put his daring deeds into book form. Jocelyn backs up his stories with purchased trophies of his imaginary explorations, and absents himself from home to go on fresh expeditions which are nothing more perilous than trips to London, where his penchant for relating wonderful yarns prompts another romantic young woman to throw herself into his arms and to choose him as her future husband.

The price tag on an owl "shot on the shores of Lake Ontario" opens the eyes of the wily mother-in-law to the fact that she and her daughter, like the owl, have been "stuffed," with the result that Jocelyn is finally obliged to throw up his hands and make a clean breast of his amiable duplicity. The chief fault to be found with the farce is that it lets Jocelyn off too easily. One feels that he is never in real danger of this last act falls rather flat. Mr. Hawtreycy gave his characteristic light, finished and delightful touch to the scenes, laughed in his handkerchief as well as in his sleeve as only he can, and made the audience a ready confederate to the crimes of the spurious captain of the good ship Saucy Sally. Made it, in fact, good-naturedly accept a cad.

Fanny Brough, as the mother-in-law, was the incarnation of suspicion, and cleverly managed to mix the salt of humor with the sharp acidity of that type of woman feared by moral married men. Julia Booth played the affectionate wife acceptably, but Frances Belmont, as the London young woman who becomes engaged to the already married Jocelyn, was hopelessly New York. The role, however, was more suited to her than any she has had in this admirable English company.

Fred Thorne made Jack Buncombe a rare and welcome "old salt." E. A. Plumptre was capital as Evan Evans, a mild-mannered bachelor, and Arthur Playfair, in the character of a strenuous ship-builder, who expressed himself in pugilistic fashion, was uproariously amusing, despite the drawback that it was impossible to understand a word he said.

### FALLS 12 FLOORS TO DEATH.

While Oiling Elevator Man Falls Through Shaft.

While at work oiling an elevator on the twelfth floor of No. 45 West Thirty-second street, today, Neil Donovan, thirty years old, fell through the shaft to the ground floor and was instantly killed. He lived at No. 524 Third avenue.

## RECEIVED TOO MUCH FOR THEIR MONEY

Persons in the Audience at First Night of "An African Millionaire" Left Theatre with That Impression.

The general impression of the audience which filed out of the Princess Theatre last night after listening to three acts of "The African Millionaire," was that it got a little too much for its money. But as the general impression of first-night audiences this season has as a rule been quite the other way, they were prepared to regard the surfeit of things good, bad and indifferent provided by the manager, F. C. Whitely, with considerable favor.

H. Reeves Smith, the star of the piece, was so successful in portraying the four separate characters under which that inimitable and self-righteous rascal Colonel Clay first fleeces the African millionaire Sir Charles Vangrit and then sets himself to detect the criminal that only moral probity need stand between him and a profession more lucrative than his own. Minnie Dupre, in the comparatively minor role of White Heather, the Colonel's wife, who, masquerading as Cessarine, the maid, furnishes inside information from the millionaire's household, was adequate to the part. But her "make-up" as the maid made her appear of a corpulent pallor. The African Millionaire, J. M. Colville, was convincing in the title role. Miss Marie Rawson, who filled the role of Miss Indiana Hood, a somewhat crude caricature of an American girl, was exceedingly pretty in a series of charming frocks. If her voice was assumed for the evening it was a very clever imitation of a pronounced twang. But if it was her really true own, she should have "The Dumb Girl" dramatized and star in it.

The play contains several excellent minor comedy roles, and these were admirably played by Cyril Young, as the Duke of Oakshire, Harry St. Maur, as Dr. Polperro, and George H. Trader, as the real Commissary of Police. Further mention of good players would practically include the cast with but few exceptions.

## WOMAN DIES IN DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Mystery in Case of Mrs. Cora Boyenton, Wife of Wealthy Merchant, Found Lifeless in Room of Dr. C. W. Fitch.

CORONER DECIDES TO HOLD AN AUTOPSY.

Physician's Statements Conflicting—Says Patient Had Been Suffering from Alcoholism and Neurasthenia.

Mrs. Cora Boyenton, the wife of W. H. Boyenton, a wealthy merchant, of Hampton, Va., was found dead today in a bedroom in the office suite of Dr. Charles W. Fitch, on the ground floor of the apartment house at No. 20 West One Hundred and Seventeenth street.

Coroner Scholer has issued a certificate giving the cause of death as gas asphyxiation, but says that he is not satisfied that it was an accident, and will hold an autopsy.

Because he has arranged to be married to-morrow night and desired to avoid publicity, Dr. Fitch made some conflicting statements about the case. At first the story he told an Evening World reporter was as follows:

Mrs. Boyenton was visiting him and his wife. He slept in apartments on the third floor, while Mrs. Boyenton had a bedroom in his office. When he went to call her at 8 o'clock this morning he found her dead in bed with a book of poems in her hand, the gas turned on and the window open at the top.

Finally Capt. McGlynn and Detective McAvoy, of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station, went around to the house and Dr. Fitch told them another story. He said he had been suppressing some of the facts for the sake of the woman.

"Mrs. Boyenton," he said, "suffered from alcoholism and neurasthenia. I had treated her for some time. She was not under restraint and was allowed to come and go as she wished. Occasionally she was out rather late at night. On one occasion my nurse and I had to go to her room, went inside and found the gas jet half on. I smelled gas on another occasion, traced the smell to her room, and found that the gas jet was partially open. My servant Maggie Duffy tells me that when she went to her room this morning, Mrs. Boyenton went immediately to her room."

Turned on Gas Accidentally. "I found her dead in bed when I went to call her at 8 o'clock. The electric lights in this apartment are turned off at midnight. Apparently she turned on the gas when she went to bed with the intention of reading the evening papers, which were spread about the room when I found her, and either the draft from the open window blew the gas out or she turned it off when she got sleepy and inadvertently turned it on again."

### A BIG HIT FOR COLLIER.

Richard Harding Davis Has Fitted the Comedian with a Clever Farce.

William Collier—no longer Willie—has finally been presented to Broadway in a farce that fits his breezy style of comedy. In "The Dictator," at the Criterion last night, he scored a pronounced hit. For the balance of the season Mr. Frohman need have no concern about out-of-town bookings. William—or Willie—has come to stay.

Collier's previous failures in no wise dampened the enthusiasm of his friends. They were at the Criterion at the evening. Louise Allen and Nanette Comstock also did well. If you've got that tired spring feeling don't do anything for a brace but see Willie—I mean William—Collier in "The Dictator."

### "SUPERSTITIONS OF SUE."

Savoy Audience Forced to Listen to Much Cheap Talk.

In Mr. Paul Armstrong's play, "The Superstitions of Sue," which was presented for the first time in New York last night at the Savoy, most of the characters call each other "Cull." The audience was composed largely of friends of the actors.

The rest of the audience was held in the seats until the final curtain by indication as to whether they should run shrieking into Thirty-fourth street or climb up on the stage and kill the performers.

Mr. Armstrong calls his play "One Night."

Here is the funniest line in the piece: "Say, cull, I been giving 'em boxin' lessons for six months. He's been eatin' at Jack's every night and he ain't lost a fight."

## WAGON SMASHED BETWEEN CARS

Occupants Hurled Into Fender, Vehicle Completely Demolished, Horse Badly Cut, Several Car Windows Broken.

A light road wagon belonging to Bernheimer & Schwarz, brewers, of One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street and Amsterdam avenue, was smashed to kindling between two Eighth avenue cars at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, this afternoon, and two employees of the brewery who were in the wagon narrowly escaped being crushed under one of the cars.

The occupants of the wagon were Gustav Schalk, of No. 71 West One Hundred and Sixth street, a driver, and George E. Moore, a collector. Schalk was driving rapidly westward along One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, and when he approached the Eighth avenue crossing two cars were coming from opposite directions.

The driver, thinking he could clear between the cars, whipped up his horse. The animal shied in crossing the east track, however, whereupon the northbound car crashed into it, smashing off a rear wheel and breaking the shafts. The force of the impact hurled the vehicle directly in the path of the car on the opposite track, by which it was completely demolished and its occupants dumped into the fender of the car.

THE RIGHT TIME! To put in a GAS RANGE IS NOW.

You can RENT a complete DOUBLE OVEN GAS RANGE for \$3.00 a year.

The GAS COMPANY will install it, test your appliances and show you how to cook to best advantage.

For more information, send word to the Gas Company. If your gas burners are unsatisfactory, send word to the Gas Company.

## Window Curtains.

—Third Floor—

Special values will be offered at the following moderate prices, on Wednesday, April 6th.

Ruffled Muslin Curtains,

\$1.00, 1.50, 2.25 pair.

Ruffled Net Curtains

\$1.35, 2.25, 2.75 pair.

Novelty Curtains,

\$2.50, 3.50, 5.00 pair.

Irish Point Curtains

\$3.50, 5.00, 7.00 pair.

Arabian Curtains,

\$5.50, 7.00, 9.50 pair.

Lord & Taylor,

Broadway and Twentieth Street and Fifth Avenue.

cupants dumped into the fender of the car. The two cars jammed together with a crash upon the wreckage of the wagon, the jar breaking several windows. The passengers were filled with consternation and made a wild rush for the doors. In the panic that followed several women were bruised and dresses torn.

The two men who were dumped into the car-fender were not seriously injured, though the horse attached to the splintered wagon was so badly cut that he may have to be shot.

Workers of any skilled or technical trade can be secured through World Want Ads. Read the wants in Wednesday's morning World.

## BRYAN HOME FOR FARMING.

To Take Up Work with His Men and Be Silent on National Politics. LINCOLN, Neb., April 3.—William J. Bryan returned to-day from the East and will remain at Fairville for several weeks. He said: "I am here to look after the spring work on my farm, and I shall help the men for some time. On the subject of politics, I have nothing to say. Hereafter I shall make no statements for publication regarding the national political situation except through the columns of my paper."

## BROKAW BROTHERS

ESTABLISHED NEARLY HALF A CENTURY

DOES a suit look, fit and wear well—that is what the customer desires to know. Our half century of continued success and experience enables us to guarantee the highest perfection in ready-made garments. A "Brokaw Suit" has no superior in quality of goods, style and excellence in making.

ASTOR PLACE AND FOURTH AVENUE

All Cars go direct or by transfer to our doors. **H. Batterman** Broadway, Graham & Flushing Aves., Brooklyn.

## Wednesday, As Reduction Day

Continuation of the Undermuslin Sale. The greatest Undermuslin Selling in years has been ours all day Monday and Tuesday. There must be a good reason for it. If you come in here Wednesday you will learn the why and the wherefore—with great profit to you.

\$5 Jackets, \$3.89.

Women's all-wool black cheviot jackets, mercerized lining throughout; short, nobby garments; tight fitting, mannish sleeve, by front all sizes; worth \$5. FOR REDUCTION DAY, each .... 3.89

\$1.49 Hats, 75c.

These are all ready-to-put-on hats, in straw, trimmed with wings, pompons, quills and fancy ribbons, in walking, sailor, and large flared styles; worth 1.49. FOR REDUCTION DAY, each ..... 75c

Waist Pins, Set of Three 10c

Several thousand sets of charming Shirt Waist Pins, consisting of pearl, jet, oxidized, crystal, turquoise; three in each set; worth no less than 25c. FOR REDUCTION DAY, set ..... 10c

Embr'd Hdks's, 5c.

Women's embroidered handkerchiefs, each one on a card, all brand new goods, all perfect, sell regularly at 10c each. FOR REDUCTION DAY, each ..... 5c.

25c Lisle Gloves, 15c

The tremendous Easter crowds left us these women's lisle gloves in a mused condition—not bad enough to interfere with wear, but not good enough to be worthy a place in our regular stock. They were 25c. Out they go FOR REDUCTION DAY, each ..... 15c

Bristle Brushes, 15c.

Every one worth at least 25c. Some worth 50c. They're hair brushes of fine bristle, with rosewood and mahogany finish handles. They represent a manufacturer's samples through which thousands of dollars worth of brushes have been sold. FOR REDUCTION DAY, 15c choice..... 15c

THOUSANDS OF HAVE BEEN PERMANENTLY BENEFITED BY MY GLASSES.

The reason is that during my many years of experience I have invented and used the most modern optical instruments for examining the eyes. By these methods I am able to detect and correct the slightest defects of vision. I have to assist me a STAFF OF EYE SPECIALISTS WHOSE SERVICES ARE FREE

to all those who wish to have their eyes examined. These specialists have had years of experience, are thoroughly conscientious, and you can rely absolutely on what they tell you to make you acquainted with my stores and methods I make this, the most startling offer ever made by an optician.

Gold Eyeglasses for \$2.

These, including my specialists' services, cannot be had elsewhere for less than \$10. This is a genuine offer and will appeal to all those who wear glasses, and can be had only at my stores.

24 East 125th St., near Madison Ave.

P. S.—To avoid mistakes bring this advertisement with you; and be sure of the name, HENRI P. ALEXANDER, and number, 24 EAST 125TH ST.



For **CONSTIPATION** **Hunyadi János**

Half a Glass before Breakfast of this Natural Laxative Water gives Prompt Relief from **Biliousness, Lazy Liver and Sour Stomach.** 30 Years' Reputation Behind it.